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FUTURA

# **Battlestar GALACTICA**

## **THE PHOTOSTORY**

A close-up photograph of Starbuck in the cockpit of a Battlestar Galactica fighter. He is wearing a flight helmet and oxygen mask, looking out with a determined expression. The cockpit's metal frame and various instruments are visible.

I think we got 'em  
on the run! Now,  
Starbuck, let's  
see if we can find  
that Cylon Base  
Ship.

**THE COMPLETE SPECTACULAR UNIVERSAL MOVIE!  
MORE THAN 700 EXCITING LIVE-ACTION SCENES!**

**ALL-NEW!**  
**THE FULL-COLOR DEEPSPACE ADVENTURE**  
**BASED ON THE SPECTACULAR NEW *UNIVERSAL* MOVIE!**

The galaxy explodes in a fantastic light-speed war—and only the heroic warrior crew of the great Battlestar *Galactica* can stop the alien *Cylon* marauders as they begin the final phase of their thousand-year quest for total power.

The Cylons are attacking! And their goal is the total extermination of the life-form known as *man*!

**BATTLESTAR GALACTICA**  
**THE PHOTOSTORY**

*Berkley Battlestar Galactica Books*

**BATTLESTAR GALACTICA**

by Glen A. Larson and Robert Thurston

**BATTLESTAR GALACTICA 2: THE CYLON DEATH MACHINE**

by Glen A. Larson and Robert Thurston

**BATTLESTAR GALACTICA: THE PHOTOSTORY**

by Glen A. Larson; Edited and Adapted by Richard J. Anobile

# BATTLESTAR GALACTICA: THE PHOTOSTORY

BY GLEN A. LARSON

EDITED AND ADAPTED  
BY RICHARD J. ANOBILE



FUTURA

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UNIVERSAL  
AN MCA COMPANY  
Presents  
A GLEN A. LARSON PRODUCTION

*Starring*  
RICHARD HATCH  
DIRK BENEDICT  
And  
LORNE GREENE as Adama  
In

## **“Battlestar GALACTICA”**

*Also Starring*

HERB JEFFERSON, JR.      MAREN JENSEN      TONY SWARTZ  
NOAH HATHAWAY      TERRY CARTER as Colonel Tighe

*and Guest Stars*

LEW AYRES      WILFRID HYDE-WHITE  
JOHN COLICDS      LAURETTE SPANG  
JOHN FINK      JANE SEYMOUR as Serina

*Special Guest Star*

RAY MILLAND

Executive Producer  
GLEN A. LARSON

Directed by  
RICHARD A. COLLA

Produced by  
JOHN DYKSTRA

Written by  
GLEN A. LARSON

There are those who believe that life here began far across the universe with tribes of humans who may have been the forefathers of the Egyptians, or the Toltecs, or the Mayans — that they may have been the architects of the great pyramids, or the last civilization of Atlantis.

Some believe that there may yet be brothers of man who even now fight to survive far, far away, amongst the stars.



## ON THE ATLANTIA ...



Noble delegates, I realize you are all anxious to get back to your ships before our rendezvous with the Cylons, but I think it appropriate to toast the most significant event in the history of mankind. I would like to raise my chalice to you. Not merely as the Quorum of the Twelve representing the Twelve Colonies of man...



... but as my friends. The greatest leaders ever assembled.

As we approach the seventh millennium of time, the human race, at last, will find peace, thanks to you.





ON THE GALACTICA ...



Starbuck, Apollo's comin'. Whatta you gonna say? He still thinks of me as his little brother.

Zac, now just calm down. It's just a routine patrol. Why is it so important to you?



Look, I'm a warrior. I earned that. I want to prove that to him. And anyway it's a peace envoy, what possible trouble could there be?

Well, that's not the point ...

Hey, Starbuck, whatta you doing? We're goin' on patrol.

Uh, well, well ...

He can't make it. Starbuck's not feeling well.

Well, that's kinda short notice. I mean, with everybody not wanting to go on this patrol ... everybody wants to celebrate the armistice.

Uh, I wonder who I'm gonna be able to find? Zac, do you have a suggestion?

Aw, come on! I studied the coordinates from here to the Cylon capital. M-my ship's ready to go.

Well, that's lucky, isn't it? I guess you're just gonna have to pull Starbuck's patrol with me.

Wow! See you at the launch.

I don't know. I can't remember that far back. Listen, maybe I ought to go along.

Were we ever like that?

No, he's gonna be just fine. I mean, it's not as if we were at war, right?

## THE LAUNCH

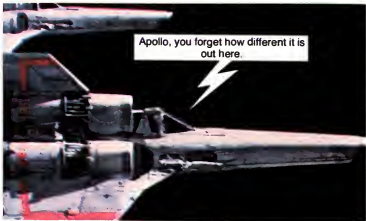
Section twelve,  
launch bay Alpha.  
Stand by to launch  
fighter probe.  
Vector coordinates  
coded and  
transferred.



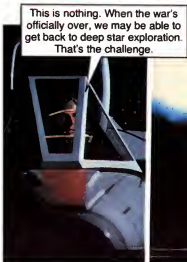
Core Systems  
transferring control  
to probe craft.  
Launch when ready.







Apollo, you forget how different it is out here.



This is nothing. When the war's officially over, we may be able to get back to deep star exploration. That's the challenge.



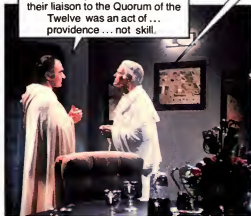
... Zac. Let's roll over ...


MEANWHILE ON THE ATLANTIA ...



Baltar, my friend. This armistice conference would not have been possible without your tireless work. You have secured for yourself a place in the history books.

That the Cylons chose me as their liaison to the Quorum of the Twelve was an act of ... providence ... not skill.





I see the party is not a huge success with all my children.

What awaits us out there is what troubles me.

Adama, surely you don't cling to your suspicions about the Cylons? They asked for this armistice. They want peace.

Forgive me, Mr. President, but they hate us with every fiber of their existence. We love freedom, we love ... independence. To feel To question. But to them it's an alien way of existing. They will never accept it.

But they have. Through Baltar, they have sued for peace.

Yes, of course, you're right.



## ZAC AND APOLLO CONTINUE THEIR EXPLORATION.





at that.



What is it,  
Apollo?

Tell you  
in a  
flash.



YOLON TANKER

Warbook says  
a Cylon tanker.  
Scanner reads  
empty.

Apollo, I  
have a funny  
feeling about  
this.



Well, we  
came  
to look!  
Am going  
around  
the tanker.



There's the other ship tucked in nice and neat. I wonder what she's doing.

I think we've got the enemy in sight. She's jamming our scanners.



Warbook says she's a freighter.

My foot! If she's jamming us she's hiding something. I'm going 'round to look at 'er.



Nothing but a  
harmless mist.  
Not heavy at all. I  
don't see why  
they send up all  
the electronic  
jamming ...

Zac, let's  
get outta  
here!

Why?

I'll explain  
later!

Colonial  
flight  
squadron  
intercepting.

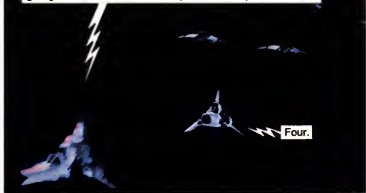


Zac, it's a Cylon ambush! And they've got  
enough fire power to destroy the entire fleet.





Zac, they're jamming our transmission. We're not gonna make it giving them our backs. How many of them can you make out?

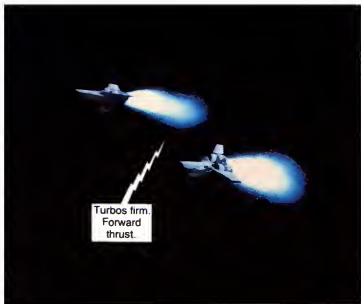


Four.



Zac, hit your reverse thrusters and maximum breaking flaps.  
We'll give 'em a little surprise and end up behind them.









Hey, not bad, little brother. Okay, you go after the guys on the right.



Zac, look out behind you! I can't fire because I might hit you, but hang on, I'm coming.







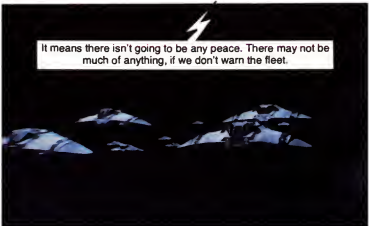
Nice shooting,  
Apollo, but they hit  
my high engine.

That's okay, little  
brother, we got  
all of them.

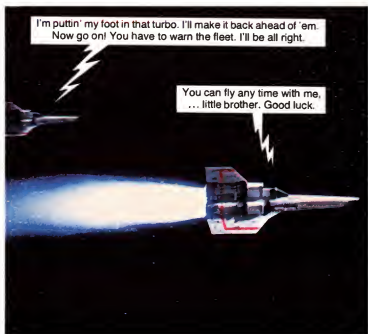
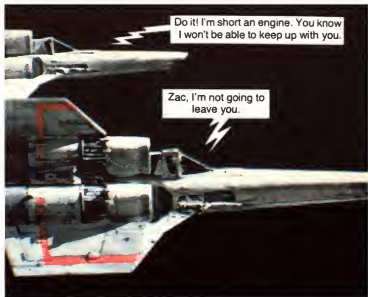


The day  
those guys  
can outfight  
us without  
a ten-to-one  
margin ...

Apollo ... you  
better look  
at your  
scanner.  
What's it  
mean?



It means there isn't going to be any peace. There may not be much of anything, if we don't warn the fleet.



**CAPTAIN ADAMA RETURNS TO THE GALACTICA  
TO FIND HIS SHIP ON RED ALERT ...**

Now what's been happening? Colonel Tigh?

Our patrol ran into trouble. We picked up some signals but they're being jammed.



I better talk with the President on the video scanner.



Mr. President, our patrol is under attack. We don't know by whom. As a precautionary measure, I would like to launch intercept fighters.



Oh, I should think that's highly inadvisable ... in view of the delicacy of our situation.



You're quite right, Baltar. Commander, as a precautionary measure, I insist upon restraint.


If this turns out to be an encounter with some outlaw traffic, we could jeopardize the whole cause of peace by displaying fighters when we are so close to our rendezvous.



Mr. President, two of my star fighters are under armed attack by forces unknown.

You are not to launch ... until the situation is more clear.






Sir, may I at least urge you to bring the fleet to a state of alert?

I will consider that.  
Thank you, Commander.



He'll consider  
it? That patrol  
is under the  
command of  
Captain Apollo!

Well, if I can't  
have confidence  
in my first born  
son, whom can I  
depend upon?



Commander, your  
younger son Zac is with  
him. It's his first patrol.



And there's been no word from our fighters, sir. Their transmission is being deliberately jammed. If we don't launch ...

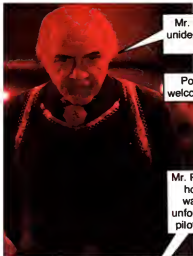
We cannot launch. It's been expressly forbidden! However, this might be a very good time for battle stations drill. Sound the alert, Colonel.



Sir, a long-range scanner shows a large number of ships headed this way at high speed, and there's a single patrol craft approaching.

Get that pilot up here as soon as he lands. Meanwhile I'll talk with the President.





Mr. President, a wall of unidentified craft is closing in on the fleet.

Possibly a Cylon welcoming committee.

Sir, may I suggest we launch a welcoming committee of our own.

Mr. President, there remain many hostile feelings amongst our warriors. The likelihood of an unfortunate incident with all those pilots in the sky at once is high?

Sir, did Baltar suggest that our forces sit here totally defenseless?



My friend, we are on a peace mission. The first peace man has known in a thousand years.

MEANWHILE, ZAC IS PURSUED BY CYLONS ...

Stand by  
to attack!

Come on,  
baby,  
not much  
farther!



Two flight in  
trouble. Request  
emergency approach!

Commander, one of our patrol ships  
is under attack ... from the main force  
approaching the fleet.

Mr. President, your  
welcoming committee is  
firing at our patrol.

Baltar? Baltar?

Patrol to fleet!  
Patrol to fleet,  
I need help!

Fire!



What was that?

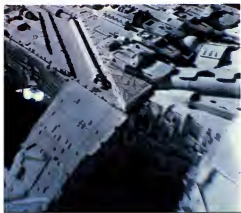


That was my son,  
Mr. President.

THE  
CYLON  
ATTACK  
BEGINS ...



Launch fighters!







Launch all remaining fighters.



Were the other ships able to launch their fighters?

Negative, sir.



The Lord help us.



Cylons. It was an ambush! I had to leave Zac. He's disabled. I'd like to go back and lead him in.



That won't be possible.

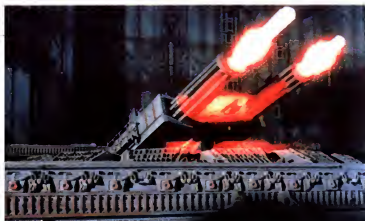


Father, I didn't know what else to do. If I don't go back, he doesn't stand a chance! And ... Zac?



His ship was destroyed just short of the fleet.







Captain,  
we have  
to know  
how many  
Base  
Ships we're  
dealing  
with.

No Base Ships.  
Just fighters,  
maybe a thousand.

I don't know. We ... we  
picked up an empty tanker  
on our scanner. It's my  
guess the Cylons used it to  
refuel for the attack after  
flying to that point from  
wherever their Base  
Ships are.

How  
do you  
account  
for that,  
Apollo?

Why operate this far  
from Cylon without  
Base Ships when it  
isn't necessary?  
They would have  
been well out of our  
range at the old  
moon.

Unless it was necessary for ...  
for them to be somewhere  
else. Get me the President!



Mr. President,  
I request  
permission  
to leave  
the fleet. I  
have reason  
to suspect  
our home  
planets may  
face imminent  
attack.





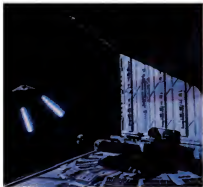
How could  
I have been  
so completely  
wrong? I have  
led the entire  
human race  
to ruin.



Mr. President ...

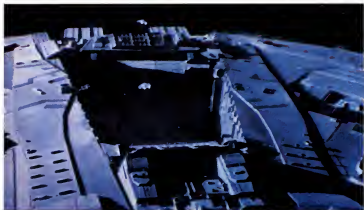
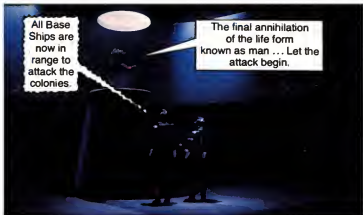
Atlantia  
death squadron  
Attack!





ON THE CYLON BASE SHIP ...







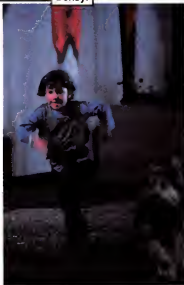
ADAMA ORDERS THE GALACTICA TO LEAVE FLEET FORMATION AND SPEED HOME IN AN ATTEMPT TO PROTECT THE COLONIES—  
BUT THE CYLON ATTACK IS ALREADY RAGING ...



Boxey!



Boxey!





Please, Serina, come on, the building's going to topple! Everybody here run for cover!



My daggit!  
My daggit!  
Where is he?

He's fine!  
He's fine!  
It's going to be all right.

THE CREW OF THE GALACTICA WATCHES  
HELPLESSLY AS CAPRICA IS DEVASTATED ...

Thirty-one cities are known to be under heavy attack.



Oh ... Zac, and all the others. Father, they trusted us to protect them and we ... Oh, ...



There really wasn't any choice.




Commander, Cylon base ships on long range scanner. Launching to all outer planets. There is no hope, Commander.

What about Sagitara?

The planet's in flames, Commander.






Have my shuttle craft prepared, please. I'm going down on the surface of Caprica.

Commander, that is out of the question. If the Cylon scanners should pick you up ...

You will continue to rendezvous with the survivors of the fleet.



Dad, I'll take you in my fighter. You're the last surviving member of the Council.

If we should run into a Cylon attack ship, at least you'll have a chance.

Very well, let's go.

Core Systems  
transferring  
control to  
probe craft.  
Apollo, launch  
when ready.

Ships are  
coming  
in on  
both decks,  
sir.

How many  
battlestars?



We're the only surviving  
battlestar.

My God!



ON THE SURFACE OF CAPRICA ...



Father, there are crowds coming. They probably saw our ship land. We can't stay.

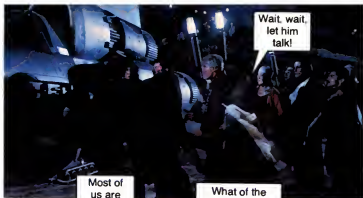
Maybe mother wasn't here.

... no,  
she was here.  
She was here.

Where were they?  
Where were  
the rest of your fancy flyers?



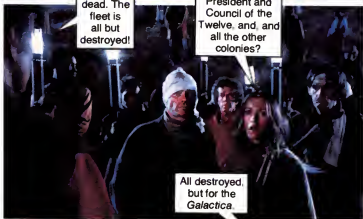




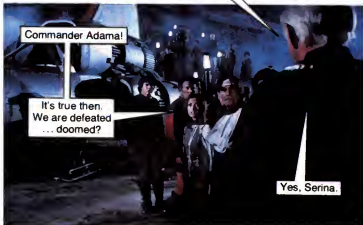
Wait, wait,  
let him  
talk!

Most of  
us are  
dead. The  
fleet is  
all but  
destroyed!

What of the  
President and  
Council of the  
Twelve, and, and  
all the other  
colonies?



All destroyed,  
but for the  
*Galactica*.



Commander Adama!

It's true then.  
We are defeated  
... doomed?

Yes, Serina.

Can I ride  
in your ship,  
sir?

Fighter planes  
are no place for little boys.

They're going  
to have to be,  
if our people  
are going to  
survive.

We must fight back!

Yes, we are  
going to  
fight back.  
But not here,  
not now.  
Not in the  
colonies. Not even  
in this star  
system.

Let the word go forth  
to every man,  
woman and child  
who survived this  
holocaust... Tell  
them to set sail at  
once in every  
assorted vehicle that  
will carry them.



AND THE WORD WENT FORTH TO EVERY OUTPOST OF HUMAN EXISTENCE.



AND THEY CAME. THE AERIES, THE GEMENS, THE VIRGOS, THE SCORPIOS ... THE PICONs AND THE SAGITARIANS.



IN ALL: TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY SHIPS REPRESENTING EVERY COLONY, COLOR AND CREED IN THE STAR SYSTEM.



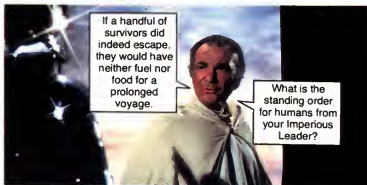
THE HUMAN RACE MIGHT HAVE ONE MORE CHANCE, BUT FIRST IT WOULD HAVE TO SURVIVE THE ALLIANCE...



... THE ELEMENTS ... AND THE UNKNOWN DARK AND SINISTER THREATS THAT WOULD LIE AHEAD.



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE GALAXY ...



ON THE GALACTICA ...



We gather here as representatives of each ship in our fleet to answer that single question ... 'Where will we go?' Our recorded history tells us that we descended from a Mother Civilization.



A race that went  
out into space  
to establish colonies.



Those of us  
assembled here now  
represent the only  
known surviving colonies  
save one.



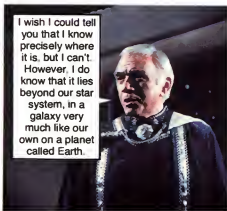
The sister world, far out in the  
universe, is remembered to us only  
through ancient writings. It is my  
intention to seek out that remaining  
colony ... that last outpost of  
humanity in the whole universe.



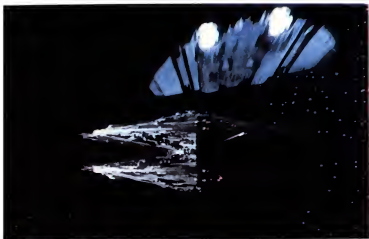
Commander  
Adama, this  
certain colony,  
... this other  
world. Where is  
it and what's  
it called?



I wish I could tell  
you that I know  
precisely where  
it is, but I can't.  
However, I do  
know that it lies  
beyond our star  
system, in a  
galaxy very  
much like our  
own on a planet  
called Earth.



AT CYLON HEADQUARTERS ...



Flight Leader seventeen  
by your command  
Imperious Leader



Report, Centurian,  
on the final  
assault.



On each of the twelve planets a similar story is told of a handful of ships that escaped destruction to rendezvous with a warship.

What kind of warship?

A battlestar!  
The *Galactica*.



Then go seek out Baltar. Tell him I am displeased. Tell him I offer the choice, deliver the Battlestar *Galactica* or deliver his head.



MEANWHILE, IN DEEP SPACE ...



This is Starbuck. Alpha shuttle approaching freighter Gemini for fleet-damage and supply survey. Please prepare to receive.

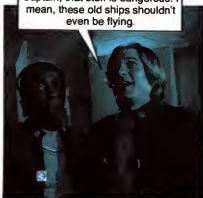




Excuse me, Apollo, but would you mind telling us what you're looking for?



Sodium leaks.



Captain, that stuff is dangerous. I mean, these old ships shouldn't even be flying.

There really wasn't much choice, was there? How many people did we leave behind for lack of ships? Now unless you're willing to volunteer for permanent assignment on this tub, you'll help survey each and every ship in this fleet for damage.



LATER ...



Where's  
the food?

It's gonna be  
taken care of.  
Just be patient ...



But where's the water?  
We haven't had water  
in two days.

We will have food  
and water soon!



What's  
wrong with  
your arm?



There are others  
in greater need  
than I.



Get her  
out of  
here. She  
should be  
jettisoned  
with the  
dead! No  
place for  
refuge here!  
Dirty  
Socialator!



It's a sin to starve us while the  
bureauticians luxuriate in their  
private sanctuaries!



No one  
is in  
luxury.  
I can  
promise  
you that.

No! No, you're lying. I saw it,  
with my own eyes! Aboard the  
*Rising Star*! Before I was cast  
out and put here among the  
dregs of humanity!



Relief is on  
the way! You  
have my word  
as a warrior.

LATER, ABOARD A SHUTTLE CRAFT ...



You know, Boomer,  
I can't fault them for  
resenting us. They  
lost everything.  
They have to blame  
someone.



I, I'm designated a Socialator. It's an honorable profession ... practiced with the blessings of the elders for over four thousand years.



That woman is a member of the Oton sect. They don't believe in physical contact between genders except during High Worship of the Sunstorm ... which comes once only every seven years.



Core Command, this is Alpha shuttle, changing course to rendezvous Starliner *Rising Star*. Shuttle will then proceed on to *Galactica* with patients for life station.



Hey, what are you up to? If you don't mind my asking?  
Sir.

I want to see what's at the bottom of this food shortage.




Passenger *Rising Star*, this is Alpha shuttle on fleet-damage and supply survey. Prepare to receive.






## ON THE RISE STAR . . .




Contaminated? Jolly, weren't the provisions checked before they were boarded?

For radiation, yes. There wasn't time to for pluton poisoning.




Pluton breaks down the structure of food. All of this is worthless?

We don't know that yet.



Jolly, have your crews go through every container. Chances are some of it was shielded enough from the bombs to be saved.



And keep a lid on the problem. People find out we haven't any food, we're gonna have a mutiny on our hands. We're goin' up to the second level.

Captain  
Apollo?

Serina!

I heard that you'd come aboard. I wonder if I might borrow you for a moment? It won't take very long.

Boomer, why don't you go up to élite class and see if there's anything we should be concerned about. I'll be along presently.

It's my son. He hasn't moved in two days. He lost his little daggit which meant everything to him ... and I thought you might be able to help.

If he won't eat for you, I don't know what I can do.

Well, he seemed to spark a little when you picked him up on Caprica. I got the feeling that you were good with children.

Excuse me, Boxey. I'm in charge of finding young men to try out as future fighter pilots. You should have made contact with the Commander.

I'm too little to be a pilot.



Well, you have to start when you're very small or you won't get these until you have gray hair. You like them?

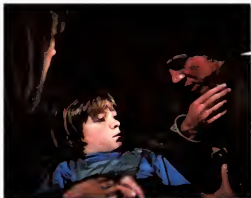


I want Muffit.

Well, I don't know, there's not much room for a daggit in a fighter plane, but maybe we can find one of Muffit's friends.

I asked. There are no dagglits.





Well, I'll tell you what. As a colonial warrior first level, you are entitled to the first daggit that comes along, okay?



But only on the condition that you get your rest, close your eyes, and eat all your primaries ...



... and stop chasin' girls.



## ON THE ÉLITE CLASS LEVEL ...

Genestrass is a private accommodation for Sire Uri and his party.

Step aside!



Now ...!

Hey, what's going on, Boomer?

Oh, nothing, nothing, just the fella here didn't seem to want to let us into the club area.



Thank you.



I trust you have an explanation for this intrusion?

I'm glad you know my name. At least you'll know from where the blade fell.

Would you like to make a statement before I arrest you, Sire Uri?



I'm going to give you about a micron to join me on my shuttle. After that I'll just turn the six levels of starving passengers beneath you loose and let you take your chances with them.

Captain, why don't you join us in our prayer of gratitude for deliverance?

In case it eluded you, Counselor, some hundred people have died since our deliverance from the Cylons! And while hunger hasn't yet taken a life, it's only a matter of time now.



Boomer, notify  
Core Command  
that we have  
located some  
stores which we  
will distribute as  
far as they go!



No, it's mine! It  
belongs to me and  
my guests!



Does your wife  
share your  
feelings about  
denying your  
food to others?

My wife?



Siress Uri,  
I don't  
see her.



Unfortunately,  
she was not  
in time to  
make the  
voyage.



My sympathies. I share  
your bereavement. Siress  
Uri was an outstanding  
woman. I'm sure she'd be  
moved by your period of  
mourning.



Boomer, have Jolly come up here with a crew and distribute this food throughout the ship.



Yes, sir!



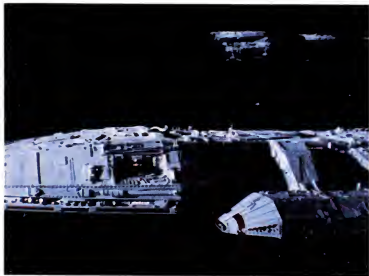
Without being critical, Captain, wouldn't you say you overplayed our hand just a tad considering Sire Uri is a member of the newly elected Council of the Twelve?



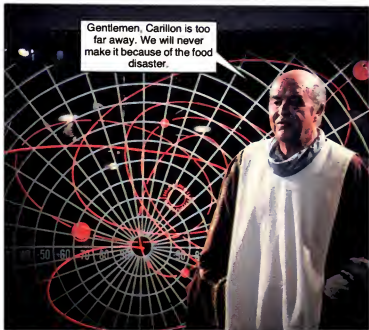
How do you overplay starvation?



ON THE GALACTICA — SOMETIME LATER . . .



Gentlemen, Carillon is too far away. We will never make it because of the food disaster.



There is no other destination.

Ah, but there is.

We can stop here ... on Borallus. We know that everything is there. Food, fuel and water.



And undoubtedly a Cylon task force.

It is the most logical place for us to stop.

Precisely why I believe it'll be fatal!





Wait, Apollo, where you going?



— possibly fatal. Is it not surely fatal to continue towards Carillon?



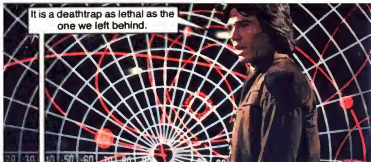
There is another way!

If I may have a few moments of the Council's time? I support Commander Adama's rejection of Borallus.



Surprising!

It is a deathtrap as lethal as the one we left behind.



And we haven't the armament to fight our way in and out. However, there is another approach to Carillon.



Instead of using the intended route which takes us centons out of our way ...

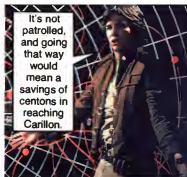


... I suggest we take the direct path here.





Through  
the Nova  
of Madagon.



It's not  
patrolled,  
and going  
that way  
would  
mean a  
savings of  
centons in  
reaching  
Carillon.



Captain, I may not  
be a military expert,  
but I do know that  
the Cylons don't  
have to patrol that  
particular area  
because they mine it  
to make passage  
impossible.



A fleet of  
cumbersome  
ships like ours ...  
to even attempt  
to go through that  
narrow passage  
would be  
unthinkable.



I agree. The fleet could not  
traverse the channel unless it had  
been cleared first.

How would you propose doing that?

Well, I suggest I find two volunteers to join me in flying ahead of the fleet in fightercraft to blow the minefield apart with laser torpedoes.



Out of the question!



Brilliant! If you must go straight ahead as you insist, Adama, then this is the way.



I say we support the Captain.



Good for you, my boy, as grave a plan as it is, it appears to be our only hope. You have the support and the blessing of the Council of the Twelve.



Can you guess who he's got in mind to volunteer for that?



Thank you.



Hey, hey, wait. Wait!

I'm gettin' outta here.



Well, just the two fellas I wanted to see. Follow me, gentlemen.



LATER . . .

He still won't eat.

I think we may have found something that's going to interest him.



Tonight? Shouldn't you be getting some rest before tomorrow's mission?

I'll sleep better after we solve Boxey's problem.



As you know, we will soon be landing on various alien planets. It's important that we be safe. Ordinarily, we'd use trained daggits to stand watch.



But we didn't have any daggits. So we just had to see what we could come up with. We'll call the first one Muffit II.







Naturally, the first one will have to be very carefully looked after.



That's not Muffit. He's not even a real daggit.



No, but he could learn to be like a real one. He's very smart.



And if you would help us, he would be even smarter.

Stop that.



We used the image of Boxey you gave us to train the droid to respond to him.

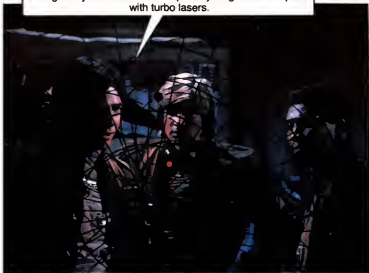


I owe you one, Doc.

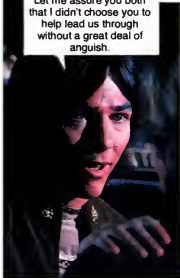
Any time, Apollo.

## THE NEXT DAY ...

The Nova Madagon is not a nova at all, but a starfield so bright our cockpits will be sealed to prevent blindness. We'll navigate by scanner and sweep everything out of our path with turbo lasers.



I need you on this mission. Let me assure you both that I didn't choose you to help lead us through without a great deal of anguish.



If it'll do any good, let me assure you that should we fail, no one will survive.

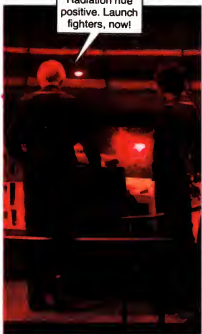


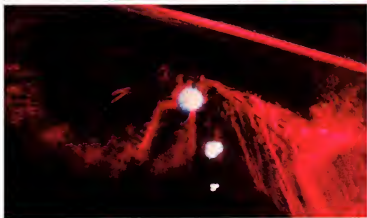
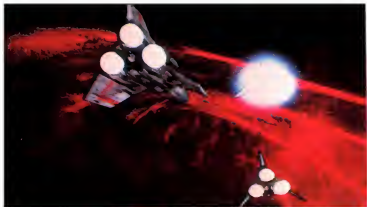


Nova star-  
field ahead.



Radiation hue  
positive. Launch  
fighters, now!



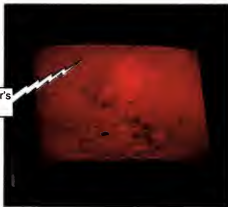


This is Core Control.  
Temperature readout  
one-zero-zero and rising.

It's sure getting hot. Starbuck  
are you picking up the field on  
the scanner?

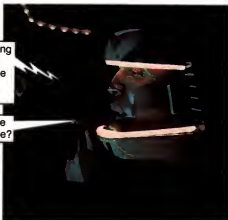


Negative, Apollo. My scanner's  
burning up.



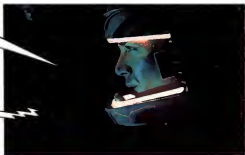
Core Systems transferring  
control patrol craft to  
*Galactica*. We will guide  
you through using  
scanners.

What if we  
miss a mine?



One of us will  
be the first to  
know. Let's  
go.

This is  
control.  
Targets in  
sight. We'll  
talk you  
through.



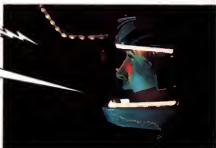


Commence firing.



Target destroyed.

This heat is burning  
through my canopy.

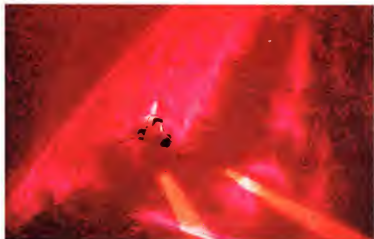


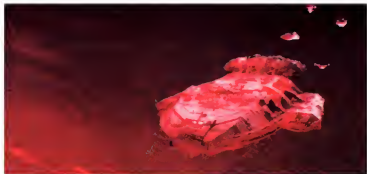
This is control.

Just keep firing.



Good. Fire!

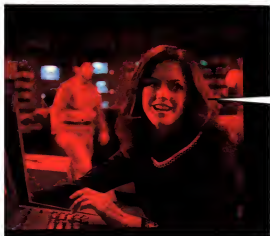




One-zero-two,  
and functioning  
normal.

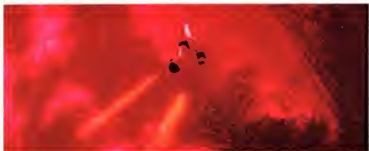


It's working, Commander. They're  
clearing a path a hundred maxims  
wide.



Now  
that is  
precision  
flying.

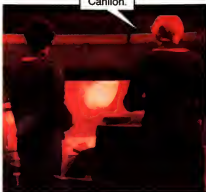
I can't see a blessed thing. Are we hitting anything?



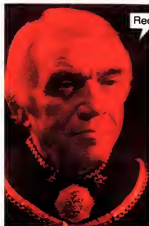
Let's take a  
look at where  
we are.  
Negative  
shield, now!



There it is.  
Carillon.



Look, guys,  
I think we're  
gonna make  
it.

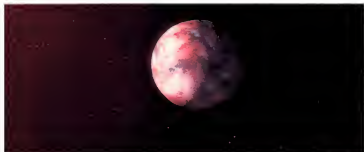


Ya-haaaay!

Recall the flight crews.



LATER ...



Landing operations will begin at once. Prepare to land the mineral ships and the Landram parties. Our mineral scanners have located what we believe is the approximate site of the old mining expedition.

AT CYLON HEADQUARTERS . . .




Welcome, Baltar. I have grave news. A handful of colonials prevail, but we will soon find them.



What of our  
bargain? My  
colony was  
to be spared!



I now alter  
the bargain.



How can you change one side of a bargain?

When there is no other side. You  
have missed the entire point  
of the war.



But I, I have ... no  
ambitions against you.



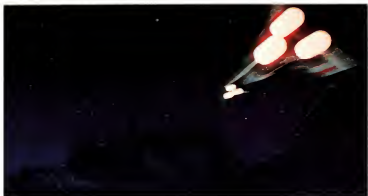
Could you think me  
so foolish as to trust  
a man who would  
see his own race  
destroyed? There  
can be no survivors.



So long as one  
human remains  
alive the Alliance is  
threatened. We  
thank you for your  
help, Baltar. Your  
time is at an end.



ON THE PLANET CARILLON ...



I wonder what this looks  
like in the daytime?

Hey, this is the daytime!





W-wait, wait, don't be afraid.

Listen, uh, w-w-what is this place? W-what are you doing here?



What am I doing here? What are you doing here? Colonial warriors sneaking around a resort like this ... with your weapons drawn!

Oh, sorry.




Well, uh, how did you get here?

Oh, I came in a skybus.




My Travelator took care of all of it. Isn't it fabulous here? All this for so little money. Oh, and I just won over a thousand cubits. Isn't that amazing?





You won those cubits ... here?

Oh, in here, everybody's doing it! I have to go... I have a moonlight cruise of two moons.



She didn't act like she'd even heard about the destruction of the colonies.

Yeah, there's something even more peculiar. Why haven't we heard about this place?



The odds must be incredible here, Boomer. People are winnin' a fortune.



Yes, and they're obviously well fed. Look, why don't we find out about who's in charge of this place and see about gettin' some food back up to the fleet?



Uh, Boomer, until we find out who these people are, just remember it'll only take one informer and we'll have the whole Cylon war machine on its way. I wanna look around. Sit in a game or two. See if I can find out what's behind this place.

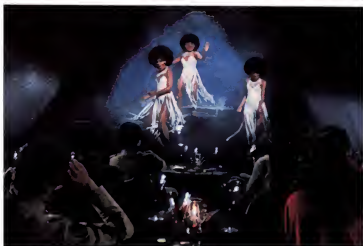
LATER ...



Well, Boomer, one thing this place isn't is crooked. I'm tellin' yuh, Boomer, you can't lose.

That's what I'm talkin' about. Have you ever been in a gambling chance where you couldn't lose your money?

No, but then I've never been here before either.

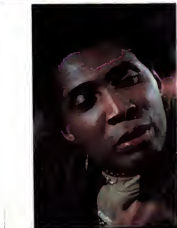




Boomer, I got an idea we can make a fortune if we put those girls on the Star Circuit. I mean, big money, big money.



Big money, huh?



Every creature in the universe is out to exterminate us and you wanna hire a vocal group. Look, Starbuck, I'm tellin' yuh, there's something just not right about this place.



MEANWHILE ...



Quiet, Muffit.  
I think it's  
tylium.

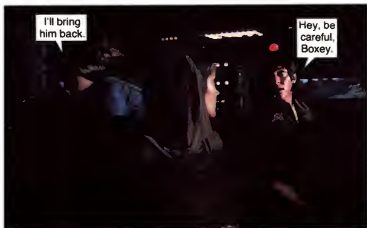
Nice going,  
Boxey.

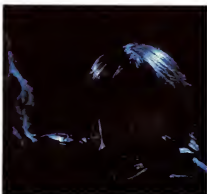
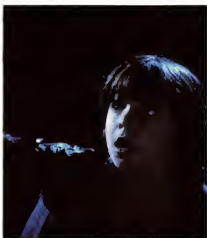
CLINK  
CLINK

That's a pretty hot reading,  
Skipper. We might be right  
on top o' that ol' mine. I  
better check it out.

Okay, Jolly, keep your  
eyes open.







LATER ...





SHORTLY THEREAFTER, IN THE BOWELS OF CARILLON ...



It's the largest  
tylium mine in the  
star system.

I don't care about  
that. I just want to  
know what's  
happened to Boxey.





Welcome to  
Carillon.  
You are  
impressed?

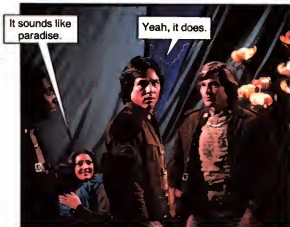
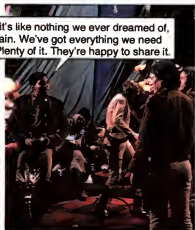
Confused  
would be  
more like  
it. Listen,  
we've lost  
a little  
boy.

He's safe.  
We found  
him and  
brought  
him here.  
Would you  
care to  
join him?

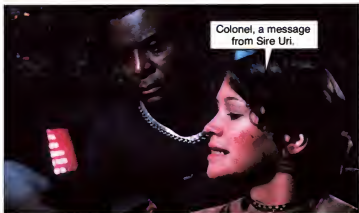
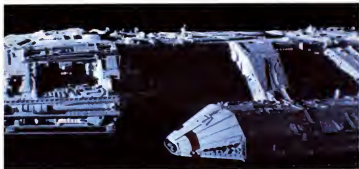


Yes, we  
would.





ON THE GALACTICA ...



GAL 05-89011/CODE 03-AVD

THE DUION PEOPLE HAVE EXTENDED TO THE  
SURVIVORS OF THE COLONIES EVERY MEASURE  
OF GOODNESS AND SUPPORT WE MIGHT HAVE HOPED FOR.  
IT IS NOW POSSIBLE TO FORESEE THE ENTIRE  
FLEET ABLE TO RESUME OUR VOYAGE  
WITHIN A CENTON.



Well, Colonel, a most optimistic note.



Too optimistic. Uri has everyone in the fleet breaking in the bulkheads to get down to the surface.

Well, perhaps in small numbers in orderly rotation.



It isn't going to be that way. Already Uri has authorized visitor's permits to half our population.



Half the population?

MEANWHILE, IN AN ELEVATOR ON CARILLON, THINGS  
BEGIN TO GO WRONG ...





I wonder what's  
down here?

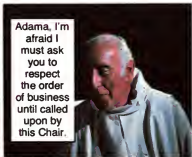
There. It stopped.  
Thank goodness.



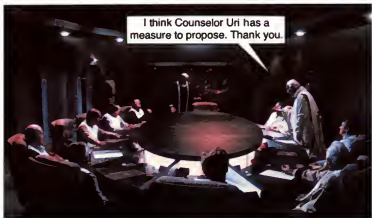
SOMETIME LATER, ON THE GALACTICA ...



What is the purpose of this special council?



Adama, I'm afraid I must ask you to respect the order of business until called upon by this Chair.

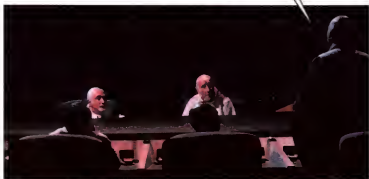


I think Counselor Uri has a measure to propose. Thank you.



My brothers, a  
hasty attempt to  
outrun the  
Cylons spawned  
in the midnight of  
desperation ...

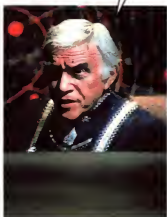
... seems foolhardy in the  
light of day.



I propose  
instead  
... we now  
attempt  
to appeal  
for justice  
and mercy.



Justice? Justice? ... From the Cylons?  
Is that what you actually said?



Gentlemen, they've told us that they would not stop until every human had been exterminated. Now, why should they believe we are now willing to accept that which we have always found to be unacceptable? To live under Cylon rule?



Because we would destroy our arms to prove we're willing to live in peace.



Destroy our only means of defense?



May I remind my brothers that we did not have conflict with the Cylons until we intervened in their relations with other nations.

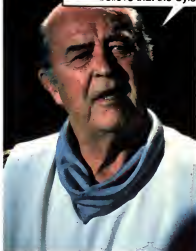


Yes. Yes, you are right. We did not conflict with the Cylons until we helped our neighbors whom the Cylons wish to enslave.





But if we mind our own business, there's every reason to believe that the Cylons will leave us alone.



If you all come to this council to turn your backs on the principles of our fathers and Lords of Kobol, from whom all colonies evolved, you do so with my utter contempt!



The warriors are always the last to recognize the inevitability of change. We have a choice. Life or death.

I submit that an issue this grave should be decided by our people.

Maybe you're right.



How do you propose to present such a delicate matter?

At a celebration to decorate those three brave young men who led us to safety through the perilous straits of Madagori. One of them Adama's son, I do believe.

Just the tonic our people need at this moment. Some old-fashioned, down to goodness heroes.



ON CARILLON ...



Party's just  
gettin' started.  
You want a  
little, uh,  
company?



I'm kinda  
companied out,  
thank you.



Aaaah, we've  
missed my  
level.



Well, something seems  
to be wrong. We're  
goin' all the way down.

I wonder  
what's  
down  
there?



## BACK AT THE CASINO ...

Starbuck? What are you doin'? The Captain's been lookin' all over for you.

You know, Boomer, I'm beginning to agree with you that somethin's goin' on around here.

Well, whatever it is, it's going to have to wait. We've got to get back to the *Galactica* for our dress uniforms.

Dress uniforms!

One does not accept our people's highest military honor, the Gold Cluster, in a battle suit.

The Gold Cluster? Ah, you're kidding!

ON THE GALACTICA ...



Just like  
old times,  
isn't it,  
Tigh?

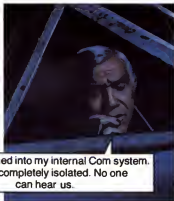
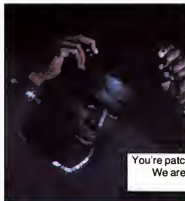
Well, our ships  
weren't quite so  
fancy, but we  
gave them a  
good run.

You didn't tell anyone  
we were meeting?

No. Is there  
some reason  
why you and I  
aren't supposed  
to be talking?

Pick up that Ground Crew  
Communicator ... then climb  
into the next ship, please.





You're patched into my internal Com system.  
We are completely isolated. No one  
can hear us.



Yes, I understand but why  
would anyone want to?



It grieves me to think  
that we have to take  
such precautions on  
our own battleship.  
Sire Uri's men  
are expecting me to  
make some kind  
of move over his  
disarmament plan.

I find that even my  
private quarters are  
being monitored.



ADAMA SUSPECTS THAT THE CARILLON OPERATION MAY, IN REALITY, BE A CYLON PLOT TO CAPTURE & DESTROY THE REST OF THE HUMAN POPULATION.



IF ALL OF THE GALACTICA'S FIGHTER PILOTS ARE ON CARILLON ATTENDING URI'S CELEBRATION, THE BATTLESTAR WILL BE LEFT DEFENSELESS.



ADAMA ASKS TIGH TO COOPERATE BY SENDING DECOYS TO THE CELEBRATION: OTHER GALACTICA CREW MEMBERS DRESSED AS PILOTS. THUS, IN THE EVENT OF AN ATTACK, THE GALACTICA'S FIGHTER PILOTS WILL BE AVAILABLE TO MEET THE CYLON ONSLAUGHT.



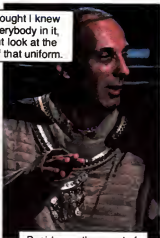
ON A SHUTTLE CRAFT EN ROUTE TO THE AWARDS CEREMONY, APOLLO QUIZZICALLY ENCOUNTERS THE RESULT OF HIS FATHER'S SECRET PLAN ...



What is it?

That Commander's insignia is Blue Squadron.

I thought I knew everybody in it, but look at the fit of that uniform.



Apollo, tonight is the night of thanksgiving and everyone's dressing up and making do with whatever they have. He probably hasn't worn that in years.

Besides ... the guest of honor looks absolutely delicious.



ON CARILLON ...



Hey, isn't this something, Boxey?

Our hosts have been very generous.

I don't like them.

What?



I told him the Ovions wouldn't approve of him bringing Muffit to the celebration.



Well, we put one over on them, didn't we, huh?



Well, Starbuck, except for your Captain, I deduce from the uniforms that most of your warriors are here.



Yes, well, uh, I'm always a big draw.



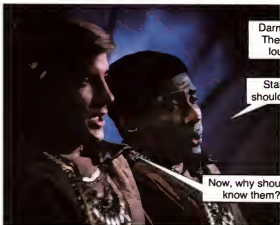
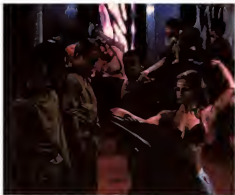
GRROWWLL!



Muffit, Muffit,  
come back here.

Starbuck, tell me who  
that is? Those three  
guys right behind the  
dancer.





Darned if I know.  
They sure have  
lousy tailors.

Starbuck, you  
should know them.

Now, why should I  
know them?



Because they're  
wearin' the insignia  
from our squadron.

Yeah,  
don't start  
without me.



Where is the  
Lieutenant  
going?



Uh'm, to  
find the  
Captain,  
sir.

Captain, stop those guys! Somebody stop them!



What  
are you  
doing,  
Starbuck?



Listen, s-something's  
going on around here.  
Those three imposters,  
I just ... could we talk?



Will you excuse us? The man  
needs attention.

I'll find Boxey and we'll get  
something to eat.



What's this about imposters?

I don't know. I've been running into guys all night who aren't from our unit ... but they're wearing our unit's clothes.



Like that officer I saw in the shuttle.

Yeah, maybe we better check this out. Come on.



I suggest that you find your two friends and tell them that we're going to begin ... with or without them.



MEANWHILE, ON A LOWER LEVEL . . .

The humans  
are in full  
attendance.



See that the humans remain  
entertained until the end. Then  
they will be yours in the lower  
chambers.





## THE CEREMONY BEGINS ...


This night we celebrate a most special event ...



... in the annals of human experience.



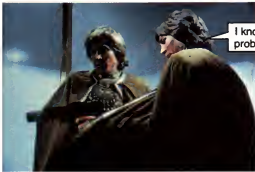
## THE SEARCH CONTINUES ...



The other levels are inaccessible to humans.




Yeah, I've been wondering about that.



I know how to fix that problem. Stand back.



You're the gambler, pick a level.



Let's say we have a look at what's furthest from the guest rooms.

ON THE LOWEST LEVEL ...



Well, at least we know  
the secret of Carillon.





Do we? What's the connection between the casino and all this?

Let's get out of here and I'll figure that one out!



Muffit!



Run, Boxey, run!







Apollo, are you thinking  
what I'm thinking?

With all this tylium, we're  
setting fire to the biggest bomb  
in the universe.



I guess it's a little late to try and talk to these fellows.

I think so.

Oh, my God!  
What's that?

Some of them are probably men from our ships ...



No wonder no one's ever left here to tell about this resort.



The Ovions are  
living off of us.  
They're probably  
selling the  
tylium they mine  
to the Cylons.







Muffit!



Wait, Boxey,  
come back here!



No! Ooooh!



CLINK!  
BUZZ!



Starbuck!

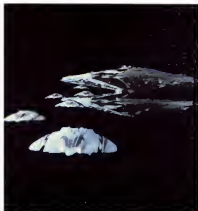


ON THE  
CYLON  
BASE SHIP ...

It is done,  
Imperious Leader.



Let the attack  
begin.



ON THE GALACTICA ...



Scanner's picking up a large body of objects closing rapidly.



Scan for alien forms.

ON CARILLON ...

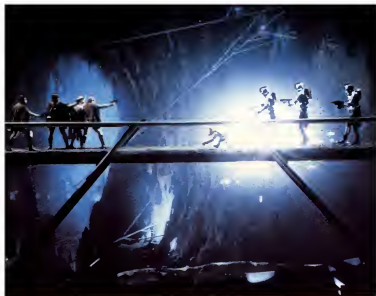
This way, this way!



Captain, where have you guys been? I've been lookin' all over for you!

Come on!





When these fires reach hypercombustion, the whole planet's gonna blow! Let's get out of here!

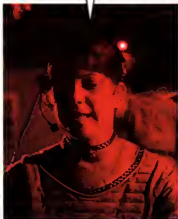


MEANWHILE ...

Cylon attack craft. So they  
spring their trap.



Enemy approaching.  
Ninety microns.



Arm weapons.



AT THE  
SAME MOMENT  
ON CARILLON ...

... to throw down our  
arms and prove once and  
for all that peace begets  
peace and love begets  
love. And so I ...



Everybody listen to me!  
I want everybody to  
move quickly and  
orderly towards the  
exits. That is an order!



Stay where you are!  
I am in charge here!



Do as Apollo says.  
He's in charge ...



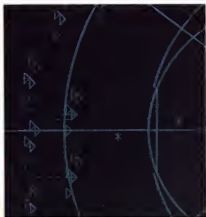


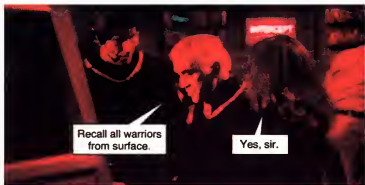


IN SPACE ...



Enemy closing.  
Thirty microns.

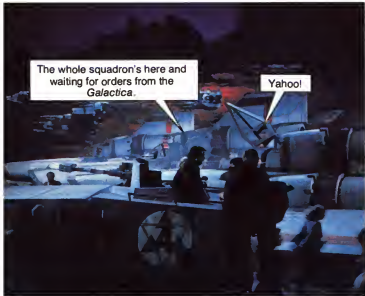




ON CARILLON ...



I want you ladies  
in that shuttle  
craft. Jolly,  
what's goin' on?



The whole squadron's here and  
waiting for orders from the  
*Galactica*.

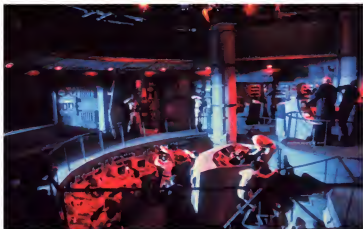
Yahoo!

IN SPACE ...

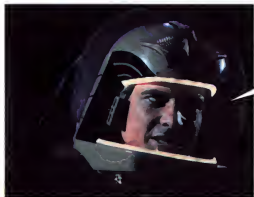


They are not sending out interceptors. We have taken them completely by surprise.





ON CARILLON ...



This is  
Starbuck. I'm  
revved and  
ready for  
takeoff.

WHILE, ON THE GALACTICA, THE BATTLE RAGES ...



They're  
firing  
right  
at us!

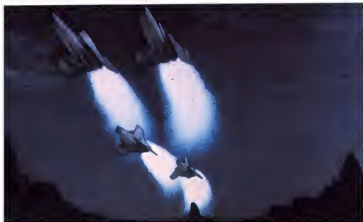






ON CARILLON

Okay, let's go!



IN SPACE ...



Sir, incoming surface squadron doesn't seem to match any known Cylon war machines.





Are they  
gonna be  
surprised.







And here's  
one for Zac.



Father, they're  
ours ... all  
of them!  
But how?

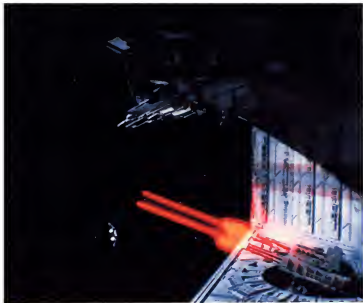


Looks to me like a  
lot of our boys  
violated orders and  
skipped the party.

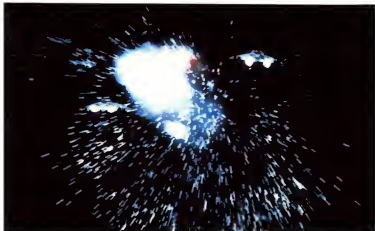
Yes, make a  
note, Colonel, to  
discuss  
discipline in the  
ranks.

Yes, sir.



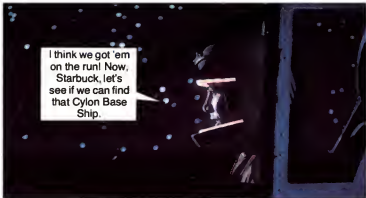








I think we got 'em  
on the run! Now,  
Starbuck, let's  
see if we can find  
that Cylon Base  
Ship.



Apollo, there  
ain't nothin'  
on my  
scanner.

It's hidden someplace behind Carillon. We're  
not going to let that Base Ship go.



Follow at a safe distance  
and plot our every move  
until the reinforcements  
arrive. Let's go down  
beneath the scanners.

The warriors are  
requesting  
permission to locate  
and pursue Cylon  
Base Ship.



No, Colonel, we must conserve  
our resources if we're to find a  
home for our people. Bring the  
fleet home.




Two Starbuck fighters are shown in space, flying towards the right. They are blue and white with red markings. A lightning bolt connects the first fighter to its speech bubble.


Starbuck, turn on  
Cylon frequency.  
They won't see  
us but they'll be  
able to hear us.

A single Starbuck fighter is shown in space, flying towards the right. A lightning bolt connects it to its speech bubble.

Doing what?  
Praying?

A close-up of Starbuck in the cockpit of a fighter. He is looking forward. A lightning bolt connects him to his speech bubble.

No, you're gonna be  
Red and Blue  
Squadrons and I'm  
gonna be Green and  
Yellow.

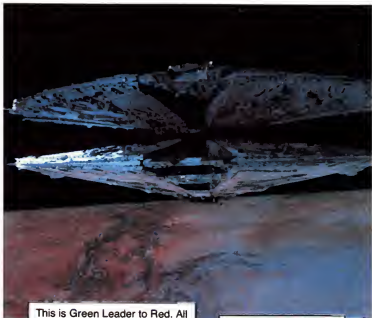
A close-up of Starbuck in the cockpit of a fighter. He is looking forward. A lightning bolt connects him to his speech bubble.

I'm gonna be Red and  
Blue Squa- ... Oh, I get  
it. No, I don't.

A close-up of Starbuck in the cockpit of a fighter. He is looking forward. A lightning bolt connects him to his speech bubble.

Switch to Cylon  
frequencies now!

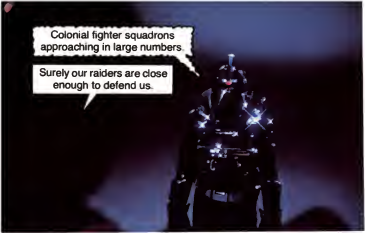
CYLON COMMUNICATIONS CENTER . . .



This is Green Leader to Red. All ships in formation and ready for attack. Come in.


Yeah, we're all ready. Every one of us.



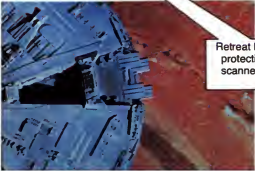


Colonial fighter squadrons  
approaching in large numbers.

Surely our raiders are close  
enough to defend us.



Our raiders are still  
engaged against the  
*Galactica*.



Retreat Base Ship behind the  
protection of Carillon. Their  
scanners will not be able to  
find us.

MEANWHILE ...

Yellow Leader,  
we have the  
squadron in  
visual contact.

Uh, right. Uh, Green Leader,  
I've got two more squadrons  
requesting permission to join  
us. The Purple and Orange  
squadrons.

Purple and Orange!  
Negative Blue  
Leader. Let's not get  
carried away. We've  
got all the  
manpower we need  
to knock out one  
Base Ship.

Commander, we're  
picking up some attack  
signals between Purple  
and Orange Squadrons.  
But we don't have  
Purple and Orange  
Squadrons!

Starbuck  
and  
Apollo?

Lord help  
them both.

ON THE CYLON BASE SHIP,  
APOLLO'S FALSE MESSAGE IS BELIEVED ...

The warriors continue to advance. At least six squadrons.

Recall all raiders  
to defend  
Base Ship.

Our raiders are all destroyed.


All destroyed?  
How? We took them  
by surprise.

Apparently it was not as big a  
surprise as we had hoped for.





Retreat  
closer to  
Carillon.  
Below  
their  
scanners.



There are reports of fires on  
Carillon. It is dangerous to move  
closer.



By your command.

I said  
lower ...  
or they  
will  
destroy  
us.



We are too close to  
the surface. And  
they are really two  
ships. It is a  
deception. Open fire  
and retreat from the  
planet.

Uh, Apollo, ... the Base Ship is firing at us.

Okay, Starbuck! Let's get outta here before that tylium we set on fire blows the planet apart!

It's ready to explode.









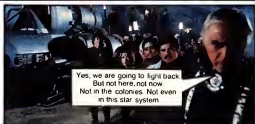
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